

Love had been joking just before it had a fit
Love had been doing

Love be praised for the electric toothbrush
Love be loved for lack of anything better
Love be blamed for grammar
Love be

If Love were king there would be no kingdom
If Love existed there would be still more unemployed poets
If Love were a factory it would make no products
If Love were

Love would be happy if we'd only turn off the gas and light
Love would be cute if it weren't so fat
Love would be welcome if it weren't for all this
Love would be

Let Love shine like an interrogator's lamp
Let Love sweeten a cramp
Let Love work over Ramp
Let Love

It's This Way

As a woman
with her legs spread
is like the sea
so is the way
I sniff and paw
this cat-trapped soil
like God.

The rocks
undulate the mind
like water
and are
as obvious to eyes.

Desire mocks
the serpentine.
There:
feel its long cold belly.

Leaves are
but the modesty
of the tree.
Lift one
and see

what else.

-- Philip Ramp

Plaka, Athens, Greece